If what I will, you 'gainſt my will ſhould doe,
I with ſuch force could be well pleaſed too.
But whilſt our love is young and in the bud,
Suffer his infant vigor be withſtood.
A flame new kindled is as eaſily quench'd,
And ſudden ſparkles in little drops are drench'd:
A Travellers Love is like himſelfe, unſtaid,
And wanders where he walkes, it is not laid
On any firmer ground, for when we alone
Thinke him to us, the winde blowes faire, hee's gone:
Witneſſe *Hhyſiphile*, alike betraide,
Witneſſe with her the bright *Myrrhoyan* maide:
Nay then your ſelfe, as you your ſelfe have ſpoken:
To faire *Oenon* have your promiſe broken,
Since I beheld your face firſt, my deſire
Hath beene, of *Trojan Paris* to inquire:
I know you now in every true reſpect,
Ile grant you thus much then, ſay you affect
Me (whom you terme your owne.) Ile grow thus farre
Doe not the *Phagian* marriners prepare,
Their ſailes and Oares, and now whilſt we recite,
Exchange of words about the wiſhed night:
Say that even now you were prepar'd to clime
My long wiſh'd bed, juſt at th'appointed time,
The winde ſhould alter and blow faire for *Troy*,
You muſt brake off, in midſt of all your joy,
And leave me in the infancy of pleaſure,
Amid my riches, I ſhall loſe my treaſure.
You will forſake the ſweets my bed affoords,
T'exchange for Cabins, Hatches, and pitch'd boords,
Then what a fickle Courtſhip you commince,
When, with the firſt winde, all your Love blowes hence.

But

But ſhall I follow you when you are gone,
And be the grand-child to *Laomedon*?
And *Ilium* ſee whoſe beautie you proclaime
I doe not ſo deſpiſe the bruit of Fame.
That ſhe to whom I am indebt ſuch thankes,
Should fill the Earth with ſuch adulterate pra
What will *Achaia*? what will *Sparta* ſay?
What will your *Troy* report and *Aſia*?
What may old *Priam* or his reverent Queen
What may your Siſters having *Hellen* ſeene,
Or your *Dardanidan* brothers deeme of me?
Will they not blame my looſe inchaſtity:
Nay, how can you your ſelfe faithfull deeme
And not amongſt the looſeſt Dames eſteeme
No ſtranger ſhall your *Aſian* Poets come nea
But he ſhall fill your guilty ſoule with feare.
How often (angry at ſome ſmall offence)
Will you thus ſay; Adultreſſe, get thee hence
Forgetting you your ſelfe have beene the chie
In my tranſgreſſion, though not in my griefe,
Conſider what it is forgetfull Lover,
To be ſinnes Author, and ſinnes ſharpe repro
But ere the leaſt of all theſe ills betide me,
I wiſh the earth may in her boſome hide me.
But I ſhall all your *Phrigyan* wealth poſſeſſe,
And more than your Epiſtle can expreſſe;
Gifts, woven gold, imbrodery, rich attire,
Purple and Plate, or what I can deſire?
Yet give me leave, thinke you all this extends,
To counter-vaile the loſſe of my chiefe friends
Whoſe friendſhip, or whoſe aide ſhall I implo
To ſuccour me when I am wrong'd in *Troy*.

POEMS *William Shakespeare* LONDON, 1640 THE WARNOCK LIBRARY Octavo